LOVE COMFORTLESS.

The child is in the night and rain
On whom no tenderest wind might blow,
And out alone in a hurricane.
Ah, no!
The child is safe in paradise!

The snow is on his gentle head,
His little feet are in the snow,
Oh, very cold is his small bed!
Ah, no!
Lift up your heart, lift up your eyes!

Over the fields and out of sight,
Beside the lonely river's flow,
Lieth the child this bitter night.
Ah, no!
The child sleeps under Mary's eyes!

What wandering lamb cries sore distressed
While I with fire and comfort go?
Oh, let me warm him in my breast!
Ah, no!
'Tis warm in God's lit nurseries!
—"A Lover's Breast Knot," by K. Tynan.

DUPED.

The big, white steamboat backs away from the wharf, swings about and goes slowly down the river sounding her whistle at intervals, for the fog is coming in rapidly.

The few loafers on the pier eye curiously the tall, elegant woman who has come ashore.

She, casting a half scornful glance about, approaches old Jed Rawson and puts this query:

"Can I hire any one to take me across the river?"

"I reckon not," declares old Jed, taking out his pipe to stare at her with astonishment. "The steamer goes into port jest below here ter wait fer the fog ter lift. Thar's no gittin across the river ternight, marm."

"Can you manage a boat, my good man?"

All the loafers smile at this. Old Jed breaks into a mellow laugh which sends a perfect network of wrinkles over his brown face.

"Why, leddy," he says, "there ain't nary a boy of 10 or up'ard alongshore as don't know how to handle a boat."

The lady laughs too. She is very charming, even old Jed realizes that. She takes a gold piece from her dainty purse and says:

"If you will take me and my trunk across the river, this shall be yours."

The trunk is a huge affair, and Jed looks at it with one eye closed and shakes his head.

"If it warn't fer the fog, marm, eny one on us 'ud take yer acrost fer nothing. But we couldn't see the boat's length tonight."

The lady utters a sharp exclamation, anger and disappointment clouding her features. A brown faced lad steps from the corner of the little red baggage house where he has been standing.

"If you dare to go, madam, I will take you," he says.

She gives him a radiant smile, at which he flushes to the roots of his fair, waving hair.

Jed and one or two of the other men remonstrate with him to no purpose. A small brown wherry is brought up to the flight of weather beaten steps leading down from one side of the wharf.

The big trunk is lowered into it, and the lady handed down by Andrew Russell, who is thrilled by the touch of her cool, satiny fingers. He pulls off into the fog bank while the loungers on the wharf make their comments.

"Mighty fine looking craft that."

"Carries too much sail."

"What can she want ov[illegible] the river?"

"P'rhaps she's bound [illegible] Barrington's."

"P'rhaps. She looks like his kind."

It is late in the evening when Andrew Russell returns. Old Jed meets him hurriyng up the village street.

"Well, Andrew, you got acrost all right?"

"Yes, I had a compass."

"Where'd she go?"

"I can't tell you," is the curt reply, as the boy passes on.

All subsequent inquiries elicit no further information than that Andrew landed her at the road which leads up by Barrington's, and that she expected some sort of conveyance to come for her there.

Barrington is reported to be immensely wealthy. He never mingles with the people there, and he lives in a lordly fashion. He brings his own company from distant parts, and there are stories of gay and wild doings at the great house which fill the unsophisticated natives with amazement.

He comes and goes as he likes and is altogether very mysterious.

Andrew Russell has a sweetheart on that side of the river—pretty Jen Hardy, the fisherman's daughter.

It is only natural that frequently he should row across in his wherry. But Jen Hardy does not see him every time he goes during the next fortnight. He tramps through a strip of woodland across lots until he reaches a sheltered vale this side of Barrington's.

Here he meets the mysterious lady again and again. Andrew is 20—tall, strong and manly looking. Cars Ferris, as she calls herself, uses all her blandishments to complete his inthrallment. She tells him a pretty story—how that her uncle is determined to make a nun of her; that, Barrington being her cousin and friend she has come to him for protection, until she can get out of the country.

She wants to go to Europe, for as soon as her uncle discovered her hiding place he will follow her. She is apparently very confiding with Andrew, who is too innocent to see the flaws in her story. "Would he think she was 25?" she asked coquettishly.

Andrew returns a decided negative, never once dreaming that she is 10 years older. Jen Hardy is too proud to own that Andrew does not come to see her any more. Andrew has no mother, and his father, who is not a very clear sighted man, sees no change in his boy, who is moody or exalted by fits.

In two weeks' time Andrew imagines himself madly in love with this woman. He does not stop to reason over the absurdity of so brilliant a creature finding any attraction in an ignorant boy like himself.

One night he goes home intoxicated by the memory of a round, white arm about his neck and the pressure of soft, warm lips to his own. A week later, one hour before midnight, he crosses the river in his little brown wherry.

On the big rock which serves for a pier a man and a woman await him. Barrington carries a valise in each hand. They enter the wherry, and Andrew pulls swiftly and silently down the river. In about an hour they come to a small cove, where a commodious sailboat is tied to a ring in the rocky, shelving bank.

They go aboard this, the little wherry is fastened astern, the sails are unfurled and on they go, dancing lightly out into the waters of the bay.

At nightfall of the next day they come to a great city. Barrington and the lady go ashore. Some purchases are to be made here, and Barrington is to see a man who will buy the boat—this is what they have told Andrew. In the meantime he is to wait with the boat until their return, when they will all go aboard the great ocean steamship whose black funnels rise from a neighboring wharf.

Andrew is not particularly pleased that Barrington is to accompany them, but nothing can dampen the joy of his belief that she loves him, and he can never forget that her lips have touched his own. The poor boy is quite daft for the time and does not dream that h[illegible]s being duped.

The city clocks are striking 10, when a ragged street gamin crosses the wharf and hails Andrew.

"Hi, there! Be your name Russell?"

Andrew nods, and the boy hands him a note.

"A big swell up town sent this to yer."

Andrew takes the note and tears it open. He knows, of course, that the "big swell" is Barrington. The note reads as follows:

When you read this, we shall be aboard an outward bound express. Goodby, my dear boy. Many thanks for your gallantry. Mr. Barrington makes you a present of the boat as a reward for your services. C. F.

For a moment Andrew stares at the note in dumb amazement. His brain reels. The letters dance blood red before his eyes. He staggers down into the little cabin and throws himself prostrate upon the floor. He breaks into great sobs which shake him from head to foot. To be fooled, played with, cast aside, when he had served their turn!

Oh, the bitterness, the grief and rage in the boy's hot heart as he rolls to and fro upon the cabin floor!

All night long he battles with this first great trouble. In the morning he rouses himself and goes up into the city to find a purchaser for his boat, for the sight of it is hateful to him, and he must have money to get home with. He sells it for $150, which is a pretty sum for a poor lad. At noon he has a sunstroke and is conveyed to the city hospital.

When he comes out of his stupor, he finds himself under arrest for being the accomplice of an adventuress. He learns, to his horror, that Cars Ferris is Madge Delaphine. That she engaged herself as companion to a little, miserly old woman. That she and Barrington, who is her lover, planned the old woman's murder, in order to obtain possession of the money and jewels which she hoarded about her. That Madge Delaphine accomplished the murder by means of a subtle poison, packed the body into a trunk and conveyed it to Barrington's house, where it was buried in the cellar.

The very trunk which Andrew ferried across the river! Andrew is taken before a magistrate, where he tells his story, omitting the love passages. But the magistrate is an astute old man and reads between the lines and pities the lad.

"The woman and her lover have been arrested. I want you to identify her."

He opens the door to an inner room and utters an exclamation of dismay. There, prostrate upon the floor, with her jeweled hairpin stuck through her heart, lies Madge Delaphine quite dead.

"Is this the woman?"

"Cars Ferris had dark hair," returns Andrew, who is white to his lips.

The magistrate lifts a wig of dark hair from a table near by.

"A very simple disguise," he says and motions Andrew back to the outer room, where, after a few more questions and some fatherly advice, he dismisses him. The misery of Andrew's journey home is boundless.

When he reaches the familiar spot, he is taken ill and for weeks is delirious with brain fever. Jen Hardy is his patient and faithful nurse. To Andrew it seems as if the memory of his folly must torture him forever, but as the months go by the shame and agony die away little by little.

Jen, faithful soul, believes in him and loves him. He is young and the world is fair and life is pleasant after all.

So, gradually he returns to his old allegiance, and it all ends as it should—with a wedding.—Dublin World.

TIRE PUNCTURES.

It is estimated that 10,000,000 bicycles are in use in various parts of the world.

If the present tendency continues, Sunday clothes will soon mean nothing else but bicycle clothes.—New York Sun.

You may force railroads to accept a bicycle as baggage, but you can't make them bring it back as a bicycle.—Detroit News.

The wheelman doesn't want the whole earth. He merely asks that a bicycle path be constructed around it.—Philadelphia North American.

The "bicycle heart" is defined as the agitated condition of that organ when its owner discovers an inability to buy a wheel.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A man in Lewiston, Me., refuses to pay a tax on his bicycle because it is worn out and useless. He demands to know of the assessors whether they could tax a man for a dead horse. If not, he wishes to know why he should pay for a dead bicycle.—New York Tribune.

From Her Point of View.

The dentist said something about his little bill, but the woman looked at him coldly.

"I owe you nothing," she said.

"Why, madam," protested the dentist, "you surely won't deny that you had a tooth pulled in my office!"

"It is more than likely that I did," she admitted. "At any rate you gave me gas, and when I regained consciousness the tooth was gone. I am quite ready to give you credit for having removed it."

"Then, I do not see why you should refuse to pay me."

The haughty creature still regarded him coldly.

"It looks to me," she said, "very much like an attempt to defraud."

"Madam!" he exclaimed.

"Not to use any harsher language," she went on, "it seems like obtaining goods under false pretenses and also extortion."

"I do not understand you," said the astonished dentist. "So far I have had nothing from you."

"My maid informs me," asserted the haughty creature, "that while under the influence of gas I did not spare my voice."

"She is right," admitted the dentist. "On at least one occasion your voice landed up in the top register."

"So my maid told me," said the haughty creature. "Until I heard that I had intended to pay your bill upon presentation, but when I was finally convinced that you had basely taken advantage of my helpless condition to extract from me some of the high notes for which I am in the habit of receiving not less than $250 I was tempted to have you arrested for larceny."

Then it was that he recalled that she was an opera singer of some note, and he hastily withdrew, lest in her excitement she should pitch her voice high enough to add another item of $250 to her bill for entertaining him while at work.—Chicago Post.

The Toastmaster's Nervousness.

Years and years ago, when the Press club, of more or less blessed memory, was in existence, a British newspaper man—only they call it a journalist on the other side—was at the club one evening. He had been in Washington for some time and was leaving next day. Mr. Karl Decker made a speech to him.

"Mr. Soandso," he said, "you have spent some time with us, and you have made many friends. We have become attached to you. You are going away tomorrow and we may never see you again, but in order that you may always have something by which to remember us, on behalf of the Press club I present you this ring."

And then he struck the call bell on the reading table near him. The Englishman looked just a trifle bewildered for a bit, then he reached out his hand, thanked the club and pocketed the bell. And—bless his simple English heart—next morning he told another newspaper man how kind the Press club had been to him and what a lovely presentation speech Mr. Decker had made.

"Mr. Decker must have been awfully nervous, you know," he said, "though he didn't show it, for he said, 'I present you this ring,' and, don't ye know, it wasn't a ring at all; it was a bell."—Washington Post.

Outdoor Air.

Few persons stop to think of the great difference between indoor and outdoor air. In every dwelling a portion of the air has already entered the lungs and is in the nature of excrement. The outdoor air alone is tolerably pure, but perfectly so only at high altitudes and away from cities.

We talk about climate cure, about going to Florida or Nice for health, but we venture to assert that any invalid may secure a greater improvement with regard to the air he breathes by proper ventilation of his dwelling room and by living out of doors most of the time than he can by going to any new climate and neglecting these conditions. Many a poor invalid's salvation might be found in his own garden, while he may go to the ends of the earth in search of health and die in the closed room to which he has retreated in the fear of outdoor air.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Elaborate Scheme.

"I wish one word from me would strike that man blind and deaf and dumb for the rest of his life."

"What crime has he committed?"

"None that I know of."

"What has he ever done to you?"

"Nothing."

"Then why do you wish you had the power to injure him so horribly?"

"So I could generously refrain from exercising it. This would give me a claim on his gratitude and I could strike him for a loan. Isn't it a beastly shame that a man who can originate a scheme like that should be suffering at this moment for lack of a paltry, miserable, dad-dinged quarter of a dollar?"—Chicago Tribune.

Not an Accident.

Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due me on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of steps the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come.

President of the Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You knew the young woman's father was at home.—London Tit-Bits.

HOMELY HINTS.

Young love never winds the clock.

Bowlegs are a dreadful obstacle to dress reform.

The worst clowns are not confined to the circus ring.

Bad as the world may be, it is just as good as you are.

IRON AND STEEL.

The tonnage of the iron and steel ships built in the United States was greatest in 1891, when it was 105,618 tons.

Many doctors believe that iron, medically considered, is a sort of food and is given with best effect at meal times.

Some archæologists declare that the first use made of iron by the human race was in the manufacture of weapons.

In July, 1867, an inventor named William Robinson announced the discovery of a short and cheap method for making wrought iron from cast iron.

Mulhall estimates that the total value of goods manufactured from iron in the world in 1890 was £212,200,000; of steel, £256,700,000, making a total of £368,900,000.

Iron pens are mentioned by Chamberlayne as early as 1685; steel pens were made in the last century, and in 1820 steel pens were sold for £7 4s., or about $36, a gross.

The so called rusting of iron is simply its oxidation. The chemists state that iron is very feebly acted upon, if at all, by dry oxygen, but most vigorously by moist air or oxygen and moisture.

A strip of zinc soldered beneath a gun barrel will protect the piece from rust. Under ordinary circumstances zinc will protect iron from oxidation by galvanic action if the zinc surface equals only one one-hundredth of the iron.

The amount of iron ore mined by the leading nations engaged in this industry has not varied greatly since 1889. In 1893 the amount produced by the United States was 11,587,629 tons; Great Britain, 11,203,476; Germany, 11,457,491; Spain, 5,497,540 and France, 3,579,286.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.